

## The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada:

One Year	\$3.50
One Month	.30

For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union:

One Year	\$4.75
One Month	.38

VOLUME 49 NO. 17,118

## EAT MORE VEGETABLES.

RETAIL prices of meat have risen again.

Every time the wholesale price of beef goes up the retail price rises too, but when the wholesale price goes down the retail price sticks.

Last year, when the panic came, farmers who had to pay their bills and could not borrow rushed their cattle to market, and the price dropped 20% for steers and a third for hogs.

The Chicago and Kansas City packers, who had plenty of money, helped along the drop in price and bought all the offerings at low prices. Then they put part of the beef in cold storage, canned part, turned the hogs into hams, lard and pork, and waited for their profits.

When the majority of farmers had no more live stock to sell the receipts of the Kansas City and Chicago stockyards, which had been enormous, dropped off. The packing trust's cold storage was filled. Their warehouses had canned, salted and smoked meats, millions of dollars' worth.

Then they jumped prices.

The consuming public must either pay or go without meat.

They should go without meat.

From now until fall, when this year's crop of grass fed cattle will be ready for market, the weather will be warm, the demands of the body for heavy meat food will be slight. Not only the pockets but the health of dwellers in cities will be better off if they reduce their meat diet to a minimum.

Vegetables are more plentiful and cheaper this year than for a long time. The alternation of copious rains and sunshine has made the truck farms and vegetable gardens produce abundantly. Chickens, eggs, cheese and butter are low priced. The nitrogenous vegetables like peas and beans, which chemically take the place of lean meat, are coming to market in large quantities.

Without going into a discussion of vegetarianism, there is no doubt that during the warm months fresh vegetables and fruit should be made the major part of any diet and the use of meat should be restricted to a little not more than once a day. Cheese is a good substitute for meat and goes well with a vegetable diet. Eggs contain more nourishment pound for pound than steak. Both are cheap now.

There are too many middlemen in the meat business anyhow, and their successive raises of price demand a rebuke.

The farmer sells a steer to a buyer at 4 cents a pound. The buyer collects a carload and ships them to Kansas City or Chicago, where they sell for 5½ or 6 cents a pound, including the buyer's profit. Then the packing trust take the live stock, sell the hide for more than the cost of butchering, make the offal into fertilizer, turn the trimmings into beef scraps, utilize the bones, make glue out of the hoofs, soups, beef extract and canned goods out of other parts, and then sell the carcass to the retailer for 10, 11 or 12 cents a pound. The retailer cuts it up and sells the different cuts for 12 to 30 cents a pound.

Quit eating meat, or if you must eat meat, eat as little as you can. Eat more salads with plenty of oil on them. Eat more peas and beans, cabbage, tomatoes, egg plant, peppers and the other succulent vegetables which bountiful nature in anticipation of present extortion has abundantly provided.

## Letters from the People.

## The Flour Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In reply to the problem of the flour dealer who bought 250 barrels of flour at \$5.35 per barrel, sold 58 barrels at a loss of \$7.14 cents per barrel, and wants to know how much he must sell the remainder for per barrel to gain \$12 on the investment: The selling price on the remaining 258 barrels must equal the cost, \$17.11.50, plus the amount lost on the sale of the 58 barrels, \$37.14, plus \$12 profit, which equals \$17.11.50 + \$37.14 + \$12 = \$66.35 and a fraction per barrel. J. D. G.

## As to Tipping.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Most discussions on tipping lose sight of the fact that a poor man must take a "tip" when it is offered him. His poverty compels him to do so. Self-respect has nothing to do with the case. Social and economic conditions often rob him of his self-respect, and then pound him for not having it, like a burglar robbing a man of all he has, and then pounding him because he has no more.

## Near Fort Duquesne.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A says that Gen. Braddock was defeated at Fort Duquesne. B says he was defeated at Great Meadows. Which is right?  
A. ANDERSON.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will readers discuss the question of "Travelling Men as Husbands"? I have been employed by a wholesale concern in the capacity of salesman for a period of thirty-one years, and I wish to say right here that, although I am married, my advice to travelling salesmen is, "No matter how great your love may be for a girl, either find some occupation other than travelling salesman or else give up the girl." This advice may

## In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Where can I find how to gain admission to West Point? What is the age limit? What are the chief duties of a student?  
S. S. STUDENT.

## Seattle's Climate.

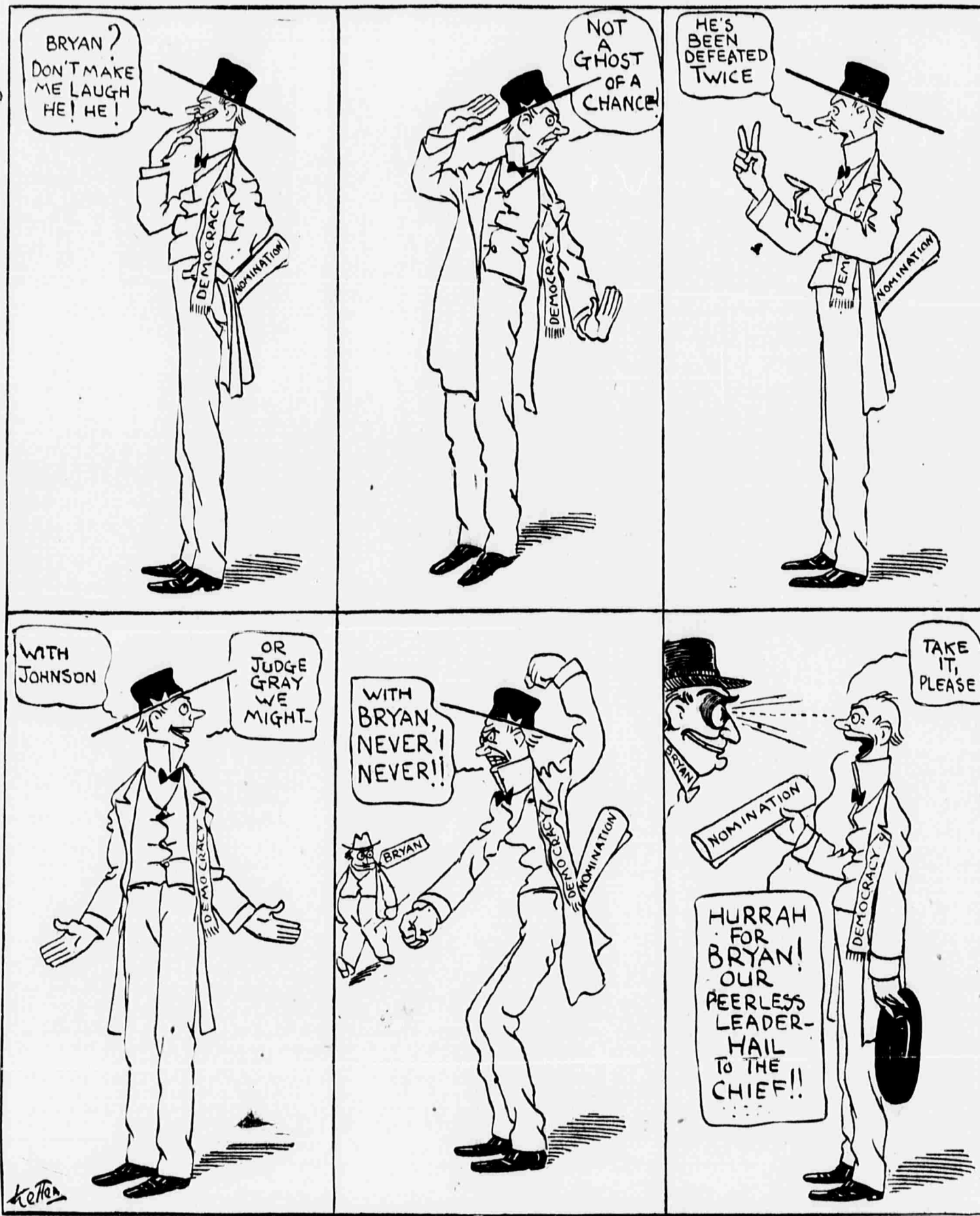
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will some one who has lived there tell me something about the climate in Seattle, Wash.? This would interest others.

## A "Petrified" Apple.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have an apple which was found and supposed to have been shipped to this country 100 years ago. I have had the apple examined and was told that it was petrified. A gentleman supposed to be a geologist claims that it takes 10,000 years to petrify fruit. What scientific reader can tell me about this?

## Why Is It?

By Maurice Ketten.



## Mr. Jarr Spends a Torturesome Evening at Home with the Children While Mrs. Jarr Is at Coney Island and the Theatre with Mrs. Smith

By Roy L. McCardell.



Roy L. McCardell

"Where is your mother? Why don't she stay home?" gasped Mr. Jarr, peevish with the heat and the sweet joys of parenthood. "I want to tell you children that if you don't stop crying at once you won't have any fire-crackers or anything else for the Fourth of July."

"Will we wait dinner any longer, sir?" asked the servant girl, coming in from the kitchen. "Everything has dried up on the stove." Then she muttered something to herself about leaving as soon as she got her money.

"Give the children their supper," said Mr. Jarr. "I'll wait till Mrs. Jarr comes."

"If you please, my sister is ill in Jersey," began the girl.

"Oh, all right," said the vexed Mr. Jarr. "Give the children their supper. I'll tend to them after that."

Eight o'clock and no Mrs. Jarr. Nine o'clock, and no Mrs. Jarr. The children had fought and squabbled till Mr. Jarr's head ached and he had undressed them and put them to bed.

Now he hung out of the front window, a prey to emotions of mingled rage and fear.

First he made up his mind that he wouldn't stand for THIS thing! Then he mentally resolved that he wouldn't have cared if Mrs. Jarr had only sent word that she would not be home to dinner. Then vague alarms regarding accidents in the subway, or the pole of a truck igniting a street car, and in the next day's paper the name and address of Mrs. Jarr among the dead or injured. Suppose she had been run over by an automobile! Suppose—and a dozen painful suppositions crossed Mr. Jarr's mind as 10 o'clock came, and then 11 and finally 12. A wild idea that she might have gone with a handsome man even intruded itself. Finally he saw Mrs. Jarr hurrying up the street and he flew to the door to meet her.

"Well, where have you been?" he asked savagely.

"Mrs. Smith and I went to Coney Island, and then we came back and went to the theatre. We had a lovely time," said the unabashed Mrs. Jarr.

"And me home alone with the children till this hour, and worried sick that something had befallen you!" began Mr. Jarr.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "It's what I've put up with for years!"

Mr. Jarr said he hoped she had enjoyed herself.

"Where is your mother? Why don't she stay home?" gasped Mr. Jarr, peevish with the heat and the sweet joys of parenthood. "I want to tell you children that if you don't stop crying at once you won't have any fire-crackers or anything else for the Fourth of July."

"Will we wait dinner any longer, sir?" asked the servant girl, coming in from the kitchen. "Everything has dried up on the stove." Then she muttered something to herself about leaving as soon as she got her money.

"Give the children their supper," said Mr. Jarr. "I'll wait till Mrs. Jarr comes."

"If you please, my sister is ill in Jersey," began the girl.

"Oh, all right," said the vexed Mr. Jarr. "Give the children their supper. I'll tend to them after that."

Eight o'clock and no Mrs. Jarr. Nine o'clock, and no Mrs. Jarr. The children had fought and squabbled till Mr. Jarr's head ached and he had undressed them and put them to bed.

Now he hung out of the front window, a prey to emotions of mingled rage and fear.

First he made up his mind that he wouldn't stand for THIS thing! Then he mentally resolved that he wouldn't have cared if Mrs. Jarr had only sent word that she would not be home to dinner. Then vague alarms regarding accidents in the subway, or the pole of a truck igniting a street car, and in the next day's paper the name and address of Mrs. Jarr among the dead or injured. Suppose she had been run over by an automobile! Suppose—and a dozen painful suppositions crossed Mr. Jarr's mind as 10 o'clock came, and then 11 and finally 12. A wild idea that she might have gone with a handsome man even intruded itself. Finally he saw Mrs. Jarr hurrying up the street and he flew to the door to meet her.

"Well, where have you been?" he asked savagely.

"Mrs. Smith and I went to Coney Island, and then we came back and went to the theatre. We had a lovely time," said the unabashed Mrs. Jarr.

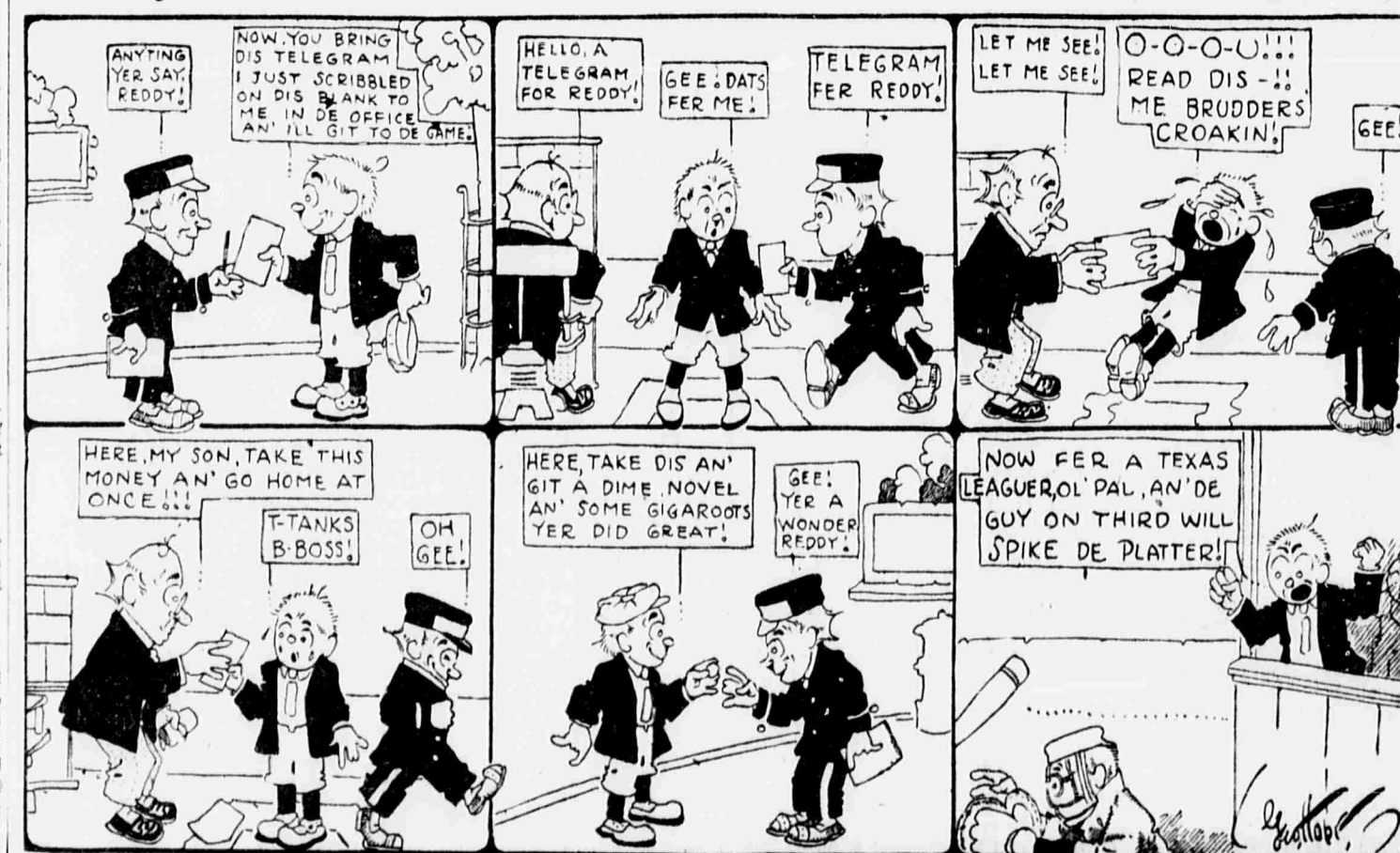
"And me home alone with the children till this hour, and worried sick that something had befallen you!" began Mr. Jarr.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "It's what I've put up with for years!"

Mr. Jarr said he hoped she had enjoyed herself.

## Reddy the Rooter.

By George Hopf.



## Fifty Great Love Stories of History

By Albert Payson Terhune

## NO. 4—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THE banks of the River Cydnus, at Tarsus, were lined with a gaping crowd one day in 41 B. C. All eyes were centred on a barge that slowly made its way upstream. This vessel's like had never been seen. The hull was covered with beaten gold. The oars were of silver, and swayed in time to the soft throb of music. The sails were of purple silk and so richly perfumed that their fragrance reached the shore. On a divan, under a cloth-of-gold canopy that covered part of the deck, lay a woman, red-haired, decked out in priceless jewels and arrayed to represent Venus. Boys, dressed as Cupids, fanned her. On either side of her divan reclined courtiers, apparelled like mermaids, demigods and other mythical personages. The red-haired beauty on the divan was Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. She was sailing to Tarsus to confront a stern judge—Mark Antony, ruler of half the world.

Rome had grown mightily since the days of the early kings. It had now long been a republic. Julius Caesar had strengthened and enlarged the State, making himself dictator of most of the civilized earth. He had been slain by assassins. Mark Antony, his closest friend, had formed a league with Octavius (Caesar's nephew), and together they had punished the assassins and made themselves masters of Rome. Antony, the stronger of the two, seemed about to oust the young Octavius and seize the reins of world-empire for himself. But while he was in the East something happened that wrecked all his splendid career. Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, was accused of having aided Caesar's slayers. Antony, at Tarsus, sent for her to come to trial on that charge. Knowing Antony's weakness where women were concerned, she came, not like a prisoner, but as a goddess. At sight of her as she sailed on the Cydnus Antony forgot his resentment, his office as judge, his hopes of world mastery. From that moment he was the red-haired queen's abject slave. Turning his back on Rome, he went with her to Egypt.

There the man who had won deathless renown as general, statesman and orator entered on a life of luxury and wild extravagance. He not only pardoned Cleopatra, but proclaimed her his wife (despite the fact that he already had a wife at Rome), lavished his fortune upon her and gave her rich provinces and kingdoms that belonged by right to the Roman republic. The two lovers held feasts that were the scandal of the world. At one of them Cleopatra dissolved and drank a million-dollar pearl. They wandered (disguised as workman and chambermaid) into the slums by night. They pretended to be a god and goddess and made their flatterers adore them as such. Antony's enemies at Rome, headed by Octavius, made the most of all this to weaken the former hero's power. Once or twice Antony was roused from his lethargy and, returning to Rome, tried to forget Cleopatra. But always he hurried back to her. His wife was dead and he married the sister of Octavius. But he soon deserted her and rejoined Cleopatra. Little by little all the fame and power he had won fell away from him.

Finally Octavius, seeing that the once mighty leader was no longer to be feared, declared war on him and Cleopatra. Then for a moment Antony's former martial genius flared up. He met Octavius in a great sea battle off Actium. Cleopatra sailed out to witness the fight. As the two fleets clashed Antony's skillful tactics seemed about to defeat his foes. But suddenly Cleopatra, for a mere whim, ordered her warships to leave the battle as if she were in panic flight. Antony left his warships to take care of themselves and hurried after her, fearing she might be wounded. His fleet, being leaderless, was easily put to rout by Octavius. Antony's last chance was gone. He realized what a fool he had made of himself. For three days he sat alone in despair, his head in his hands and none dared come near him. Then he crept once more to Cleopatra for consolation.

The fickle Queen saw that Antony's cause was lost. So she wrote to Octavius secretly, offering to make peace with him. Octavius answered that she could best please him by killing Antony. She knew Antony's character and his wild, weak worship for herself. So, instead of murdering him outright, she had word sent to him that she was dead. Antony had lost all for love of her. Now he thought he had lost her, too. So he stabbed himself. Dying, he was carried to Cleopatra and breathed his last in her arms, whispering vows of eternal devotion. Cleopatra tried next to capture Octavius's heart. But Caesar's nephew was shrewd and cold-blooded. The charms that had so easily won Antony had no effect on him. He declared he would make Cleopatra walk in chains behind his chariot through Rome. Sooner than do this, the unhappy woman killed herself by poison, forcing a deadly serpent to sting her arm.

Octavius relented to the point of allowing her to be buried by the side of the man who had thrown away honor, fame, power and life itself for her worthless sake.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.



Helen Rowland

DON'T fancy a man is serious merely because he treats you to French dinners and talks sentiment; wait until he begins to take you to cheap table d'hotes and talks economy.

A man likes a wife who appeals to his lighter side, but the average man has so many lighter sides that no one woman could appeal to them all; and even if she could there is always his darker side and a peroxide blonde waiting around to appeal to it.

The girl whose hair is a little too gold, whose chin is a little too pink and whose laugh is a little too gay, apparently doesn't realize that even a siren couldn't attract a man if she sang too loud.

The "measure of a man" can usually be taken in half an hour's acquaintance, but the true measure of a woman is something that is known only to her husband and her dreammaker.

"Have a good time while you're single, for you'll be a long time married," is the axiom of bachelorhood.

People who marry "for a joke" must certainly be blessed with an awfully keen sense of humor.

## The World Drinks Lots of Coffee.

ACCORDING to statistics published in a leading coffee trade journal the world's consumption of coffee in 1907 amounted to 16,825,000 sacks, of which 6,860,000 sacks were consumed in the United States, 3,000,000 sacks in Germany, 1,425,000 sacks in France, leaving 5,140,000 for consumption in all other countries.

## The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

We Are Satisfied.

(Copyright, 1908, by the Planet Pub. Co.)

Well, the GOOD FIGHT has been FOUGHT! WE are SATISFIED with the RESULT! We have MADE IT plain that WE will never want any MORE VOTES counted TWICE. ONCE will do after this. We have spent the PUBLIC'S MONEY gladly in this endeavor. WE HOPE the Public is as well pleased as WE are. We have made OUR Sacrifice theirs. Men do not often do this, but we care NOTHING for expense except when the COSTS are too HIGH. Then we take an exception!

We will NOT CRITICISE the Court, because it is NOT SAFE. If it was we would FREE OUR mind.

Personally we think that Voters who failed to Vote for US should be DISFRANCHISED until they DO!

If this can be arranged we may get elected to something at some FUTURE TIME!